

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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The Passing Show.

Wholesale robbery is respectable; taking food when hungry is a crime.

The workers may steal for but not from the capitalist.

Both the capitalists and the priests condemn Socialists because they desire to inaugurate a system under which there shall be no robbery.

Anything that jeopardises the selfish interests of the predatory class is "immoral."

The workers produce all wealth. They produce thirteen times as much per capita as they did a century ago. A century ago they earned a bare living. They only get a bare living now.

The difference between the workers' living and their product has made the world's millionaires.

The workers are taught to be industrious. The more industrious they are the more wealth they produce. All they produce above a living goes to brother capitalist. It is good for brother capitalist to have workers taught to be industrious.

Insurance statistics show that after passing an industrious life the average worker "passes in his cheeks" at thirty-five years of age. The average member of the capitalist class lives twenty years longer than the average worker. The industrious habits of the worker settle him twenty years sooner than his exploiter.

The worker must get up very early in the morning and go to work in all kinds of weather, whether he feels sick or well. He must use up every ounce of energy, rain or shine.

The capitalist gets up when he doesn't care to be any longer. He breakfasts at leisure and goes to his office if he feels like it. The capitalist prefers unduring, yachting, golfing, and frank dinners to industry.

If the war keeps going for another five years there will probably be more capitalist than wage-slaves left.

The Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Wright, has been patently shaming the Germans again. His speeches seem to suggest a new glorification, commencing.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

A million Germans sent below.

In a special war article of 2/15 "S.M. Herald" published a few words about some of our brave Allies' war trophies. Amongst other things the Turcos were said to have strings of German ears, and one man had a head tied up in a handkerchief. The fight for modern "liberty and humanity" is evidently being waged with pre-historic fervor.

When the war ends and the workers begin staggering under the tremendous war debt that will follow, they can get some comfort by reminding themselves that they still have their old masters left.

The Allies and the Germans are swapping thousands of prisoners who have been made permanent cripples by the war. When these men reach "their" country, no doubt they will be enthusiastically welcomed and given a nice easy job, selling matches in the gutters of big cities.

The capitalist press of Australia has hitherto helped to delude the mugs by spreading the idea that the Australian Labor Party is a Socialist party. Now, however, that the Labor Government of N.S.W. is being financed by the Norton Griffiths firm, and is handing its public works over to that ring of financiers, it will be interesting to know what kind of



The Veterans

The cost of war outlasts its oldest human pensioner. Long after his death other veterans of the war continue to draw upon the nation.

Socialism the press writers think the Labor Party stands for.

Parliament has so far been a meeting place for shirkers. It should soon be made a battle-ground for workers.

Buying war material to promote peace is the old way. It has led to repeated disastrous failures. Still the old parties stand for it.

Belief in the machinery of destruction is a perversion of the human intellect. It comes down to us from former ferocious ages.

European warlords want more cannon food, and Labor Governments are acting as recruiting agents. Pearce, Hughes, Carmichael and others are urging mothers to give up their sons. That is their exalted ideal of motherhood.

At the instance of the warlords of England, N.S.W. Labor Government has commandeered the meat supply. The meat kings are smiling and rubbing their hands at the prospect of big profits.

Norton Griffiths having underwritten a two-million loan for N.S.W. Labor Government, the latter feels itself again and is opening a subscription list for the poor of Serbia.

The warlords are loading posterity pretty heavily for the benefit of a money lending class. But posterity may not be such a patient ass as they think it will be. It may kick the load off.

After the war is over, after the fighting's done, many a heart will be broken, many a life undone, many will go on drudging, just as they did before, fighting for mere existence, after the war.

If you have not yet identified yourself with Socialism, the year 1915 should see you definitely in the ranks. If you were in the Labor party because you thought it would bring Socialism "a step at a time," you must see before the year is out that when a Labor Government hands its public works construction over to a contractors' ring, its line industry to the Port Waratah Steel Trust, and its agricultural land to those who skin the share farmer,

that you have been backing the wrong party. The old parties have both been tried and found wanting, while the need for definite action is increasing. The Lib-Labs, reactionaries have banded themselves together to destroy liberty, and it is imperative that those who aim at the emancipation of the working-class should get together in opposition to their betrayers.

Christianity may not be the religion of Capitalism, but Christian preachers are well rewarded by capitalism. In "S.M. Herald" of 2/15 the Church news consisted largely of information regarding the world-tours and holidays of preachers. Some were off to distant lands on extended holidays, and some were returning to their pulpits and town-fights.

"The great trouble with the British, as with the Australian Censors, is that they seem to think the public are a set of hysterical old women."—Sydney "Daily Telegraph." The Censors probably judge the public by their newspapers.

Some time ago Sydney Labor Council demanded the withdrawal of Justice Heydon from the Arbitration Court. Since then the Justice has been going stronger, thus proving that a word or two from the Council has no effect whatever on a Labor Government.

Andy Fisher rebutted a charge of want of loyalty the other day when Willie Kelly revived the old platitudes about Labor wanting a navy for home defence only. Andy proudly pointed out that the Australian navy was put under the Admiralty's jurisdiction at his request at an Imperial Conference, which he attended as Prime Minister of Australia. Andy is quite right, he "done it" on his own, and proved to the British warlords that he had more loyalty in his composition than the whole Cook crowd put together. Let us give honor where discredit is due.

"I say without hesitation that the best of our race will be found in the fighting line and the inferior amongst those remaining at home. . . . Numerous objections have been taken to members of our forces marrying prior to leaving Australia. I think this is exactly what they should do if we want our race to spring from

the fine type of man who has volunteered rather than from degenerates who remain at home." D. R. Hall, N.S.W. Attorney-General. The joke in Mr. Hall's statement consists in dubbing those "degenerates" who have sense enough to keep away from the war, and those who go the "fine type of man."

There will soon be no neutral nations. All seem to be getting ready to take the tidal plunge.

The vagaries of Government management were well illustrated at Garden Island, Sydney, recently. On a Friday a large number of workmen were sacked, and on the following Sunday the remainder had to work double time.

N.S.W. Premier Holman, referring to a criticism of Woolaharra laborites, said: "It would be a small sacrifice to leave the movement if your movements were to be dictated by a much finer line." The mob will probably appreciate Willie's courtesies noted.

According to Federal Minister for Customs, Fisher, the Customs Department is valued at over £750,000 a year by "importers." A century ago the penny used to be called "importers."

We are sometimes told that the fact of our country being at war is no reason why our legislators should have a holiday. With this we quite agree. "S.M. Herald." They should get busy on land-owners and others who hold up production.

While the Australian "Worker" flouts the Holman Government for betraying the workers into the hands of Norton Griffiths, it nevertheless battles for the Government's candidate in the Castlereagh contest.

The white exploiter is getting in his fine work in Papua. The natives are practically enslaved and are badly, and in some cases cruelly treated.

The value of a soldier is not very highly appraised. The Victoria Cross only carries a pension of £10 a year for rankers and non-commissioned officers.

N.S.W. Labor Minister Carmichael has struck a brilliant idea, which is that, seeing now the price of meat is going up, the workers should be satisfied with the parts of a carcass that nobody else wants. These, he suggests, can be made "very appetising" by skilful cooking.

A correspondent of "Humanite" on the Swiss frontier reports that the German Government has begun to take "energetic" measures against Karl Liebknecht. It is thought that a prosecution for high treason against the son of William Liebknecht would be dangerous, so Karl Liebknecht is to be called up for service. The uniform, and perhaps an "opportune" death, will shut his mouth.

Maoriand "Worker" of 2/15 reproduces in facsimile Prime Minister Fisher's "Farewell Message to the Workers of New Zealand." The "message" runs:—

"First of all convene a conference of representatives from all parts of New Zealand. Hear every view without prejudice. Decide on an objective and a platform. Publish them broadcast. Fight unitedly for them, and in all you say and do keep ever in view the general welfare of your country."—Andrew Fisher.

The "message" though directed to the workers, should be as readily acceptable to the Liberals. They might call a conference, "decide on an objective and a platform" and "publish them broadcast" and "fight unitedly for them." Both the old parties—the Libs. and Labs.—have been doing these things for years past in Australia, but the workers don't seem to be much "forrader." The fact is Andy's "message" was cunningly non-committal, and the last clause—"keep ever in view the general welfare of your country"—covers a multitude of sins, especially the "your country."

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WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS DUE.

The number on the wrapper of your paper is the number at which your subscription expires. Renew before that number is reached.

The doctor sees the weakness of mankind, the lawyer the wickedness, and the theologian the stupidity.—Schopenhauer.
And all take advantage of man's weakness, wickedness, and stupidity.

State Works.

The Norton Griffiths Contract.

Laborism, with its objective of Socialism "a step at a time" has got to the end of its tether rather sooner and with a suddenness that was quite unexpected by the devout.

The N.S.W. Labor Government has found that the Capitalists of Europe have their own ideas about financing government enterprises, and that they have power of restriction and control sufficient to upset the best laid schemes of little statesmen who start out to extend the sphere of the state as an employer and exploiter of labor.

The Government has suddenly found its credit restricted in London and has been obliged to hand a large portion of its public works over to be constructed and financed by private enterprise. It has also been compelled to lease its lime industry to the Broken Hill Proprietary Company which is developing the steel industry at Port Waratah, and there are indications that but for the timely underwriting of a two million loan by Norton Griffiths and Company, the firm which has contracted to undertake the construction of ten millions' worth of public works, the Government would have been compelled to relinquish other undertakings.

The probability is that Norton Griffiths are acting for a big financial ring whose objective is the financial domination and exploitation of small states like those of Australia, and we may expect to see in the near future a remarkable extension of their operations and a vast manifestation of their power.

On the surface the contract with Norton Griffiths looks innocent enough. For the ordinary market rates the firm undertakes to help in the underwriting of the State's loans, and has commenced by underwriting a loan for two millions and guaranteeing ten millions more. A significant fact in connection with this first loan is that the ordinary underwriters have stood off and given Norton Griffiths a free hand.

The firm, however, has secured the right to supervise the construction of the State's public works, which in plain English means that it will have most say in the expenditure of the money it has raised. For this it will receive five per cent. on the cost of construction and will have, as supervisor, a large say in the engaging of labor, the framing of conditions of work, and other matters of a far-reaching character.

This is where the working class begins to come in and get interested.

Many Laborites are jubilating at the prospect of 12 millions being spent on public works within the next few years. They regard the deal as a temporary expedient that will carry the State and its workers over a very trying time. When times improve after the war things can be straightened out

and righted. And so the argument runs. But such people do not seem to realise what financial domination by a ring such as the Norton Griffiths combine means. They do not know that once in it cannot be got out, because press and parliament come under its absolute sway and control.

We may expect, therefore, that when Norton Griffiths get going, the workers on public works will very soon find themselves working under new conditions and new masters. These are sure to be more favorable to the firm than to the employees, and industrial unrest will result with probably strikes and lock-outs. The firm being powerful and having the Government in the hollow of its hand, will not be slow to call upon Mr. Holman for police and military aid to quell "domestic violence." Under the new conditions, no Labor or Liberal Government will be able to disregard a call for aid from Norton Griffiths.

The fact is that N.S.W. is not a State governed by Statesmen, it is now simply an appanage dominated by a syndicate. Its credit has broken down, its politicians are bankrupt of ideas and ability to manage its affairs and have handed them over to a financial ring.

THE BAD MAN AT THE FRONT.

Something is said about the weeding-out of "undesirables"—drunks and gamblers, and soldiers who howl at night, and fellows who haunt the back streets of Cairo during the dark hours and wink at Egyptian girls—from the Australian forces in Egypt. These dubious characters, it is alleged, are to be sent back to Australia in disgrace, so that they may marry undesirably, and rear undesirable families, while the good men go to the front, and do battle with the Turk, and are shot by Abdul Rez. This idea that the worst citizen should be carefully preserved from destruction, and get a free passage home to the place where he used to be a nuisance and become one of the fathers of the community, and help to make our laws, and even go into Parliament, while the best citizen is killed, looks like an absurdity. Every undesirable who is already in the force should be carefully preserved. Every criminal, hunchback, forger, or other bad character who seeks to enlist should be enlisted with enthusiasm. The drunkard should be taken on the evidence of his breath and his nose. The worst scoundrels should have extra pay, if necessary; and extra special uniforms, and on the day of battle they should go first, being the folk who can best be spared. They would certainly kill somebody before they died.—"Bulletin."

FINE MANLY SOLDIERS AND WEEDY YOUTHS AT MOSMAN.

Over at Mosman, North Sydney, a terrific and terrible evidence of total depravity came under the notice of a patriotic gent who resides in that salubrious suburb.

The old gent—he must have been old or he would be at the front—spied two gallants in King George's uniform, and his heart swelled with pride at the sight. He saluted and seemed inclined to kiss and embrace the warriors. His overtures were virtuously repelled until it was explained that the gent in civilian costume greatly admired those in uniform when the latter showed and accepted the old gent's blandishments. The gallants then explained that they had felt a bit rusty at the gent's glad eye for they had just been heckled and insulted by some "weedy youths" who said they hoped when they got to the front they would be shot as they was the only fitting fate for such idiots as they were.

The old gent was so moved by the story that he immediately wrote to the Northern Suburbs Chronicle expressing his indignation at the conduct of youths who would neither murder themselves nor encourage others to do so. His description of their depraved conduct would seem to indicate that they were not good Christians but belonged to some race of unbloodythirsty savages.

The transformation of scattered private property, arising from individual labour, into capitalist private property is, naturally, a process, incomparably more protracted, violent, and difficult than the transformation of capitalist private property, already practically resting on socialised production, into socialised property. In the former case, we had the expropriation of the mass of people by a few usurpers; in the latter, we have the expropriation of a few usurpers by the mass of the people.—KARL MARX.

Eugene V. Debs recently paid off the last penny of the 25,000 dollar debt incurred during the A.R.U. strike years ago. Although Debs did not owe this personally, he felt it a debt of honour, and has been paying it off these many years. "It is now up to some of the professional blackguards to continue their lying attacks on Debs as having profited by the Pullman strike," exclaims May Hayes in the "Cleveland Citizen."

"Thou Shalt Not Kill."

By J. L.

While watching the parade of men and lads in uniform on Thursday morning last, the thought struck me "Thou shalt not kill" and I wondered if when children they had been taught that old law of "Moses," and how many of the mothers watching them had heard them repeat it. Does it ever enter their mind just what their boys or their husbands or sweethearts are going to do? All the neat smart uniforms of khaki, all the bright stirring music of the bands, all the waving of flags, all this to cover up, to hide, to disguise the brutal truth that soldiers are just men killers who when they are told to, obey their officers orders, to kill or be killed, by other men whom they never saw in all their lives and have no quarrel with. And those who are killed, their mothers weep, and their wives are in despair, their children fatherless, perhaps starving. While gazing on this sad spectacle, a man standing near me said what a grand sight! I told him I did not see anything grand in men going away to become butchers. Oh, mothers and women of the working class, do you not see your folly? If you want your boys to be brave, to be loyal, teach them to have courage and self-control, and to be solid, shoulder to shoulder as good comrades ought, but let that courage, that solidarity, be all for the working class, the class to which they belong. So shall we win the greatest victory ever known and gain the world for the world's workers. So down with brutal war and war-makers! Another thing I would like readers to think over. We are told in the daily press that all the churches or heads thereof are praying for peace or victory, but when you read the shareholders list of Vickers Ltd., and see such names as the Bishop of Newcastle, Bishop of Chester, Dean Inge of St. Pauls, etc. Does it not make you wonder how these clergymen can be preaching peace while all the time they are drawing dividends from the armament factory where guns etc., are made for producing pieces not peace, pieces of human beings. Why their hands are stained with the blood of the masses of workers who are being slain in this awful carnage. Their very gowns are tainted with the blood of innocent men, women and children. Can you not see the hypocrisy of it all. How long are all these injustices to last, injustices for myriads of men women and children, apart from the awful spectacle of men murdering one another, of the way these reverend gentlemen bolster and deceive the workers in order to gull their capitalist master for another lease of life, the master they serve is 'Gold' not God. Deception is always a contemptible vice, but they think the workers will not notice these things.

Come then women workers, knowing well what it is you strive for, your 'freedom' to live in the largest sense, shake off your timidity, study and teach yourself and your children, all about Socialism and strive to hasten its approach.

Never mind the jingo press
Subsidised to 'Lie.'
Nor the parsons bought to bless
Those who make men die.
Mothers; shall assassins train
Gentle sons to dart
Bayonets, to wring with pain
Widowed mother's heart.
Shall the robbers' wars be fought
By the poor they spoil?
Shall the workers owning naught
Always fight and toil.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Messrs Ferguson Bros., of Port Glasgow have received a contract to build a dredge in place of the Pomrabbel sunk by the German cruiser Emden in the Indian Ocean. The Pomrabbel was ordered by the Tasmanian Government and was on its way to Australia when captured. We have not heard of the Glasgow shipbuilders providing a leather medal for presentation to the captain of the Emden but we know that the Glasgow shipyards are very busy in other directions.

American newspapers announce that the Russian Guards have been taken from the firing line in Poland and sent to Petersburg to deal with revolutionary disturbances there. All is not well with Holy Russia in spite of journalistic piffle about the land of knout.

The San Francisco Examiner publishes a very fine story from a German refugee who arrived in America on an Italian steamer, of how twenty-five Germans and thirty-five French and English deserted from the trenches in Alsace after shooting a German officer who interfered. They took their rifles and ammunition and swore to defend one another to the last man against the troops of any nationality. They eventually made their way across the Swiss frontier and escaped.

D. H.

When you have finished with this paper hand it to a friend.

On the Look Out.

Senator Pearce will never get as much of his dinners as Sir George Reid had. He talks too much over his cups. At a N. A. banquet in Melbourne he gave people his usual "Drill, and do it now," continuing he hinted that there was a possibility of Great Britain having to fight against one of its present Allies in a general mix-up after the war; so, he said, it behoved Australians to gird two swords to their loins instead of one.

Mr. Carmichael is at present telling the Australian workers to go to the war quickly. It will be remembered that at the outbreak of the war he scuffled out of Europe head over heels.

Mr. Allen, Minister for Defence of New Zealand, has asked the New Zealand papers to cease the publication of matters detrimental to the good name of Australian and New Zealand expeditionary forces. That is one way of saving our reputation.

Mr. Ashford is calling loudly for a song to keep the Empire together. Many Labor members have made a song about less important matter before to-day.

German born Australians may not now use a telephone or camera. They are to be imprisoned if they can get no work, but this device has also at time been used against loyal British slaves. One fails to see what purpose the savage enactments against local Germans serve, especially as they cannot leave Australia. But possibly the military swash-bucklers of the Federal Labor Government have to do something to please the workers who will sacrifice their fellow workers to get their jobs.

The dainty Christian Turk in Australia is not to be subject to the restrictions imposed by the Federal Government on our ordinary "enemy." We do not object to that, but cannot see how Christianity makes the Turk a saint, while the ordinary white Christian remains wicked.

The day begins at 11 p. m. in Cairo, one of the soldiers writes: May this blessing come to us in Australia!

The wages of tea room girls have been reduced from 17s. 6d., to 13s., and from 16s. 6d., to 12s., per week since the war broke out. The Australian banks for the last year paid £2,003,230 in dividend as against £1,790,921 for the previous year. This shows whom the war is fought for.

Messrs. Cook and Fitzpatrick said at Parramatta that the Labor Party was composed of liars, quacks, and pirates. This is very unkind of them seeing what assistance jingoes and capitalists have received from Labor lately.

President Wilson wishes the Kaiser many happy returns of the day on his birthday. The Kaiser no doubt deserves some recognition from the representative of the International War Trust whose goods are going well just now.

Mrs. Ada Holman has translated a short story "The Prussian" from the French, which appears in the last issue of the "Lone Hand." It shows what ordinary patriotism is—how it is founded on superstition and lies. The wonder is that the same Mrs. Holman can support the present war.

H. C.

Did you ever see how a dog acts when he has a bone and another dog comes sniffing round, as if waiting for a favorable opportunity to snatch it? He growls and glares at the other dog, shows his teeth, and if this is not enough, snaps at him to speed his going. This is exactly how a gang of workers act when jobless, half-starved workers keep interviewing their foreman at regular intervals to ask for one of their jobs. Every time the men see these jobless purveyors of labor-power cringing to the boss they speed up just to make the boss feel that he has better men working for him than he has offering their services. And when the boss seems to entertain some idea of making a change, when he looks at the applicant for work, and then at the men in the jobs, as if he was revolving in his mind the advisability of displacing one of them, the latter curse and growl beneath their breath. If the foreman happens to invite a job-hunter to "call again in a day or two," they feel like snapping at the "waster" in defence of their jobs, just as a dog snaps at another in defence of his bone. This is no false analogy, but a true picture of the wage system under which an army of unemployed are kept sniffing round the jobs that the others have for the time being. It is a system which reduces men to the level of dogs, and makes those who are in jobs hate those who are unemployed as their enemies, instead of hating those who are pitting them against each other so that they can be the more easily and mercilessly exploited. The enlightened Socialist does not hate the unemployed wage worker, he knows better and works for the abolition of the system that causes unemployment.

Blood and Iron.

By J. W. ROCHIE.

Blamark has been credited with the coinage of the phrase "Blood and Iron." Whether this is so or not does not alter the fact, that the so-called Great Chancellor carried out the "Blood and Iron" policy to the fullest extent of his power. But he did not invent the policy itself. It had its origin way back in the dim past, in the initial stage of the Iron Age.

Previous to that stage was the reign of blood, because primitive man urged on by fear and the desire to live, devised ways and means to master his enemies with implements of wood and stone. This may be termed the Age of Blood, the initial stage in the awful tragedy of human development. But the discovery of iron brought about a tremendous revolution in man's history. Man had struggled painfully through long ages slowly onward and upward impelled by necessity of his existence. Man has been a murderer from the beginning. Man has always murdered man, and he is doing it still. But the development of iron weapons and tools, raised the portion of the human race who used these weapons and tools, far above the rest of mankind in methods of production, and warfare, with the result that the iron users wiped out or enslaved the more primitive peoples they came in contact with. The Age of blood and iron had begun, and exists to the present time. The Empires and Republics of the past were built upon this Savage Policy, and the Empires and Republics of the present, with the whole capitalist system, are also built upon it. As a matter of fact no other policy is possible while a ruling class exists who dominate the rest of the mass.

The late Queen Victoria is supposed to have said that "the Bible is the source of England's greatness." She was mistaken in claiming the Bible as the source of England's greatness, but the Bible has been a factor in that greatness, for the Bible is certainly a book of blood and iron. Anybody who reads it with an open mind must come to that conclusion. "Thine it 'Source' of England's greatness, the Bible and iron policy carried out by England" writes in the past, the tragedy which carried out that policy behind the mask of religion with characteristic Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy.

The "greatness" of England or any other nation is only the greatness of the ruling class, this "greatness" only as the success of the dominant class in maintaining their power to crush and oppress the great masses of the people and keep them in the position of exploited slaves.

Blamark, to do him justice, was no hypocrite. He believed in a ferocious policy of blood and iron, but nearly all other statesmen of other countries—England in particular—have carried out this grim policy behind a mask of pretence, religious or otherwise. Cromwell of England and Richelieu of France are striking historical examples.

The Christian Church is an institution which always upheld the policy of Blood and Iron wherever and whenever she has had the power. She carried out this policy with ferocity, and used the cloak and well of hypocrites who occupy the chief positions are engaged in arranging prayers of intercession to God for the success of the armies of the different countries they infect. They uphold the policy of blood and iron while pretending to be the apostles of the Prince of Peace. The "Mock and Lowly Jesus" is pushed aside by the expediencies of many of whom are standard-bearers in the armamentarium. We must resist to the extent the open and avowed ferocity of Blamark, but what can we expect of those who wear the sheep's clothing? The person who brings us that Germany alone pursues the policy of blood and iron, is a fit subject for examination by a critic's speciality.

To my mind the most awful features of the blood and iron policy is shown in the great industries. It is true that this grim policy is used in its open selfishness, during industrial upsurges, but these events are only the occasional expressions of the class struggle that is raging within Capitalist Society all the time. The continual grinding and making of human flesh and energy in the iron holds of Capitalism day in and day out, year in and year out, is a thousand-fold more awful in intensity and extent than all the occasional outbreaks put together. And what is it all for? Why provide the best that can be produced by human labor for the special benefit of the few? These human victims whose ages-long policy is blood and iron.

Capitalism is the finished product of ages of blood and iron. It is the complete poison-flower which has roots embedded deeply in the brutality of the past. It is the poison-spring from which disease and hatred and degradation flows, and nothing short of the complete abolition of the system with its blood and iron creed will make any change for the better in the condition of human life. The ruling class in all the various stages of historic society, has pursued the policy of blood and iron, to keep in subjection the working-class within their own sphere of rule, and also to extend their dominion on the political and industrial field in Modern

Society. The class struggle under Capitalism has been clear and definite, and the scattered struggles of the past are fading away to be replaced by the International class struggle which must reach its full development in the near future, when the Capitalist ruling class with their policy of blood and iron will be threatened with extinction by the consolidated mass of the Proletariat with their humane policy of social equality. The complete wiping out of class interests is the only way to end the reign of blood and iron, and this herculean task falls to the lot of the only class that is able to perform it—the world's working class.

Just here I wish to sound a warning note. The greatest mistake the proletarians of the world can make, is to adopt the policy of their oppressors. Unfortunately a section of the revolutionary proletariat preach a policy of blood and iron which is just as savage and inhuman as that of the ruling class. They propose to meet brutality with brutality, hypocrisy and fraud with hypocrisy and fraud, forgetting that like produces like, and forgetting the lesson of history, that wherever a brutal system has been overthrown by brutal methods, a better developed and more extended system of brutality has sprung up in its place. I would recommend all preachers of Direct Action, Sabotage, and the like to consider this point. The intelligent mass action of the working class is the only means by which the blood and iron policy can be wiped from the earth. At the present time the workers on the continent of Europe are killing each other by the thousands in the interests of their rulers. Why? Because of their lack of intelligence as a mass. But slowly—perhaps very slowly—the idea of proletarian unity is gaining ground in every country, and when the proletarians at a report are cleared of the hazy semi-bourgeois notions which at present cloud the mission of the working-class will be more clearly understood by the working class itself, and when that class intelligence has grown to the necessary proportions, the advocates of blood and iron will find themselves in a hopeless, helpless, minority, and the realisation of the dream of the ages will not be far off—that dream of the thinkers of all ages—that dream of a Golden Age of peace and prosperity. All the best and noblest of the race, the true Saviours of mankind—have dreamed that noblest dream and have faced the blood and iron policy of the suffocating savage human beasts of prey who have crushed them, and sent their mangled and bleeding bodies down into the silent dust. But the dream has lived in spite of all the tyrant blood, and will live until it is realised in the emancipation of the race from the dominance of the blood and iron creed—when human blood will course freely through happy veins, and iron will be used in the right way—to produce the good things of life for the people of the whole earth.

Revolution and Force.

Revolution simply means that the evolution of society has reached the point where a complete transformation, both external and internal has become immediately inevitable. No man and no body of men can make such a revolution before the time is ripe for it; though, as men become conscious instead of unconscious agents in the development of the society in which they live and of which they form a part they may themselves help to bring about this revolution. A successful revolution, whether effected in one way or the other, merely gives legal expression and sanction to the new forms which, for the most part, unobserved and disregarded, have developed in the womb of the old society. Force may be used at the end of the period as starting the incubative and full growth. It is true as Marx said, that force is the midwife of progress delivering the old society pregnant with the new; but on the other hand, force is also the abortionist of reaction, doing its utmost to strangle the new society in the womb of the old. Force itself on either side, is merely a detail in that inevitable growth which none can very rapidly advance or seriously hinder.

—Hyndman: Economics of Socialism.

THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT.

Robert Morlett.

The Spirit of Revolt is as natural as genius. It is the gift of Nature. Like genius it is given only to a few; for it seems that Nature dealt niggardly with the elixir of new, clean life. Down through the generations the few drops flowed till they found the rich, warm blood in which they were welcomed; and the man or woman became enthused with the Spirit of Revolt. Beyond that we cannot explain its existence.

All men know this; all know it is true. We all know revolt is the essential factor in man's struggle towards freedom; and we all know that the rebel is not such because of choice but because Nature made him so. His sensitiveness to rights and wrongs, his wonderful capacity for suffering; his burning zeal, his seemingly inexhaustible knowledge of the great depths of unnecessary human sorrow and travail were not cultivated. They are part of his nature; and because his nature is such he is a rebel.

Single Men to the Front.

A NEW CATCHCRY.
WHY BACHELORS ARE WANTED.
By AJAX.

Of late a new superstition is abroad in the land. The new gospel reads "It is the bounden duty of single men to go to the front."

Politicians, priests, plutocrats, and press have one and all raised their voices in support of this dogma which already appears to have become canonical amongst the flunkies of plutocracy. The brethren in Christ Jesus have given it their blessing. Much unctiousness and many platitudes have been graciously bestowed on the new doctrine but unfortunately the logic is somewhat weak. There seems to be a hazy notion that the lives of single men really do not matter, in fact they are only fit for powder. Presumably the blood is too numerous and should be killed off.

Granting that there are a large proportion of single men in the community, and we know from statistics that every commercial country shows a large and increasing percentage of bachelors, it is well to grapple with the cause. Doubtless there is a growing tendency amongst the intellectuals to avoid marriage, but this will not account for large numbers of bachelors who are certainly not intellectuals. Vice is certainly a factor to be reckoned with but still there are a large class unaccounted for.

The main reason is economic. The average single young man has a difficulty to keep himself. He owns no property, his wages are too low to warrant him risking marriage. Frequently he is an immigrant chasing work round the globe and never finding a country he can call his own. It is therefore a grim satire to ask this individual to give his life, the only thing he does own for his so-called country which does not exist. Recently a not-impartial political opportunist told some bachelors that no single man need expect work from the government. We have yet to learn that this person has any right to practically tell men that because they are single they must leave or go to the jaws of death. The others presumably wanted life or at least an existence, they only asked for work and their alleged representative offers them a chance of death. Employers in England if not elsewhere reported to be ruthlessly sucking single men drying them to go to the front. I submit to you Mr. Editor that this is not a conspiracy of murder it is the reward of industry, sobriety and thrift; three things the young man entering business is exhorted to cultivate. This is the sort of

treatment with which the single man's patriotism is fed. Perhaps he has been apprenticed to a trade or studied diligently, working hard for years to obtain a position only to be suddenly told that his services are no longer required and that a professional murderer is the only occupation open to him. Truly a glorious ideal and one calculated to make him ready to die for his country, or rather the commercial interests of a clique who have exploited him for years, and profess to speak in the name of the country.

Looking at the case of the single man a little closer we find that as a class he has no parliamentary representation, no press, no privileges and is nearly always in a minority in any public board or council. He is generally poor, frequently ignorant, and it is usually not his fault he is single. In fact he is a person of no importance during peace, but the moment war breaks out there is an underground attempt to trick him or starve him to the trenches.

If jingoes are so desperately anxious to defend their country one would think the married men should be the first to go, for this reason, they have far more stake in the country than single men. Further a man usually marries for a selfish reason. The single man's life is just as valuable to him as the other man's, consequently marriage is not a valid excuse for exemption.

Nowhere in the history of militarism do we find marriage accepted as a plea for exemption. The truth of the matter is that commercialism treats the single man badly. Industrialism frequently picks out single men for the most dangerous work and in some services sends him to the worst climatic places, and after all this he is probably not in a position to marry. If this cry of "single men to the front" is not a prejudiced howl one is forced to the conclusion that the state takes up this absurd position and says in effect, "In time of peace we sweat you so that you are never in a position to marry with any chance of security, in fact we condemn you to single life. Now in war time because you are not married we will force you to the trenches."

A most illogical attitude for a so-called enlightened and democratic government to adopt. I hope you will not think me rude Mr. Editor if I ask you at this point, where does British Freedom come in? We single men hear a lot from the capitalist press about "Free Will" "The rights of the Individual" and "The Glories of British Freedom" that our ancestors fought for. It sounds well but we do not quite sense it, Mr. Editor please do explain where we single men come in? Do not tell us they are going to put a tax on bachelors!

Seriously speaking we shall have to look deeper for the cause of this cry for single men.

The first cause I take it is financial. The Army pay is too low for a married man, moreover we understand that most of it is deferred pay. This money accumulates and is supposed to be paid to the soldier after the war or when he is discharged. I use the word "supposed" advisedly. It is a peculiar fact under capitalism that in every war a considerable number of soldiers for one reason or another (leaving aside deaths) fail to draw their pay after a war. We had a good lesson in the Boer war. Right here in Australia there are men living who say they could not get their pay. The Boer war was a trivial affair compared to the terrible struggle now raging in Europe. If it lasts long there will come a time when ruined nations will be asked to meet soldiers' claims amounting to millions. Even presuming the military authorities intend to honorably satisfy all debts it is questionable whether they will be in a position to do so. With such a proposition in front of us, is it any wonder that single men look askance at the jingo who tells us to volunteer. The authorities evidently do not trust the men with their small pay, then why the deuce should single men trust them?

There is some more sinister motive behind this howl. The loss of a few thousand single men mostly poor and frequently without dependants or influential relatives might not matter much to the callous minded. The loss of a few thousand married men implies an army of frantic widows worrying officials for their husbands' pay. The question of starving children, increased prostitution, extra litigation and homes full of anguish and resentment, not to mention other evils, stares us in the face. A cruel commercialism has smiled at worse things than that. The danger that such a catastrophe might lead to an agitation against the war, is a horse of a different color. Commercialism cannot stand that, therefore in the interests of trade it is judicious to sacrifice the single men. They are cheaper, possibly better soldiers and probably easier to deal with in the event of ugly possibilities. Therefore commercialism has no scruples about sacrificing them on the altar of war to the ghastly god "Trade". This I submit Mr. Editor is the sordid reason why the lying gospel which says "It is the duty of single men to volunteer" is preached to the ignorant rabble.

The receipt of a copy of this paper is an invitation to become a subscriber.

What is War?

War is the bleary eyed, flaming tongue, wolf-hound whose venomous and rabid bite infects the bitten victim, and changes the man-beast into a maddened hydrophobic brute-beast, and inoculates him with all ferocity, frenzy, and hate of the incarnation of Hades. War may be likened unto the noisome and pestilential wound, that is reared and nurtured by the slave masters in order to hunt, harass and rend the slaves who would fain escape from their bondage. The dogs of war! Ye Gods! The dogs of war! He who speaks of war except in terms of loathing, is a fiend and a fool and a fakir, and a would be fratricide, and has in him all the elements of a jingo, a mauler, and a peace disturber. Hired assassins, legalised murderers, soldiers, call them what you will, they who indulge in murder by rifle or bayonet either by choice or from pressure of economic circumstances, are forced to rouse up the dormant atavistic tendencies, which are inherent in all men and then the game becomes a repetition of the game that was played by our ancestors in the caves, and the morals are the same as they were ten thousand years ago, the greater the slaughter the greater the hero.

And why should this thing be? Have we not our apostles of Christ, our priests and parsons, bishops and archbishops, and did not Christ preach the Golden Rule? surely, after two thousand years of Christian teaching, our ethic ought to be a little higher than those of the wolf or the cave man. But alas, it is not so. The toilers, the slaves, are still chloroformed by the dope administered by their masters, and are ready to fly at each others' throats, like unto the hound that is just pictured. War is hell! said General Sherman, the hound of hell say we, and until the workers, the slaves and the helots of all countries, colors and creeds, realise this fact, so long will war exist, but when the workers realise—what an awakening!—that they have nothing to gain but "glory" empty glory, or the grave, by war, and that the interests of all workers are identical. Then will the day be nearer of which the poet has sung. "When war shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail, returning justice, hold aloft her scale of peace o'er the earth, her olive branch extend, and white robed innocence from heaven descend."

JOSH. WILLIAMSON. Hobart.

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange.
Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.
LUKE JONES.
General Secretary.

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

The C. E. met on Saturday, February 13th. General business was transacted. Next meeting will be held on Saturday, February 20th., at 1.30 p.m. Delegates please note.

A fine meeting was held at Auburn on Friday, February 12th. Several comrades journeyed up from Sydney with literature and papers, and met the local comrades who conducted them to the meeting place. The chair was ably taken by Comrade Bourne who inspired fear and awe in the patriotic alcoholics by his ample proportions. However the speakers that followed him soon won the ear of the crowd. Comrades Rudolph, Roche, Trott, and Rees, ably delivering the revolutionary message evidently with good effect. Papers were sold out and a large amount of literature disposed of. These meetings will be continued until further notice. Comrades in Auburn district are invited to join the Auburn branch. Meetings every Monday evening in the School of Arts at 8 p.m.

Comrades in districts where no branch exists are invited to communicate with the undersigned with a view to forming branches. All information will be supplied on application.

Members are asked to pay no subscriptions without the official party stamps being affixed to their cards.

LUKE JONES,
Gen. Sec.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

Last Sunday's Domain meeting proved a great success. J. Jones, in the Chair. Mrs. Lorimer was in great form, then two old warriors who have been handicapped for a long time, owing to ill health (and still spoke against doctor's orders) spoke. These were comrades Slade and Luke Jones. May the time soon come when they will be able to take the field again in their regular and persistent style.

On Sunday night the debate between Mr. Stevens and Luke Jones was well attended and proved a very interesting debate.

On Sunday evening, February 21st. Mr. Taylor of Fort-St., School, will lecture in the Party Rooms on "The Relation between Spiritual and Temporal Powers."

On Friday, March 12th. a "Paper Costume" dance will be held in Party Rooms.

Comrade Roche has resumed his class for speakers.

Comrade Jones will hold an Economic class on Tuesday evenings in Party Rooms.

Don't forget the Picnic on Saturday 20th. to Watson's Meet at Quay at 2.30.

Comrade Bourne's Athletic Club will meet on Tuesday and Friday afternoons and Sunday mornings.

The Socialist Rooms are 369 Pitt-St.
L. J. F., Hon. Sec.

MOUNT LARCOM BRANCH.

A meeting of the above branch was held on Sunday, February 7. There was a good roll up of members and some good propaganda was reported. The Secretary was instructed to order supplies of the A. S. P. Manifesto on War, The War Trust and Open Letter to Boy Conscription leaflets. A new member was added to the roll and the following resolution was carried:—

"That this branch of the A. S. P. condemns the action of the Labor Party in its proposed extension of militarism, and warns the working class to beware of Military maniacs."

Chas. Jacobsen, Hon. Secy.

NEWTOWN.

Newtown Branch.—Rooms 41 Enmore-Rd., Newtown. Propaganda meetings: Friday evenings, Johnstone-St., Leichhardt. Saturday and Sunday evenings, Newtown Bridge.

PROPAGANDA FIXTURES.

(Meetings commence at 7.30 p.m.)

Friday night: Johnstone-St., Leichhardt.
Chair: W. Page. Speakers: A. Thomas, J. Roche.

Saturday night: Newtown Bridge.
Chair: J. McCormack. Speakers: Mrs. Paul, J. Roche.

Sunday night: Newtown Bridge.
Chair: T. Hancock. Speakers: P. O'Connell, A. Thomas.

A business meeting of the above Branch will be held on Tuesday, February 23rd. Branch members are requested to attend.

Ray Everitt, Secy.

When you have read this paper hand it to a friend.

A Tasty Pat Upset.

"An Old Soldier" wrote to the Hobart Mercury, (7-2-15), to protest against Comrade Cliff Hall being allowed to speak in the Domain on Sunday afternoons. Cliff Hall, the old chap averred, was "a great danger to the community." He "stuck up for Germany and was applauded," and the Old Soldier was disgusted. The Old "Un" was in favour of Free Speech, but not for Socialists like Hall, and he hoped the military would soon have the right to interfere and close their mouths. Our young Comrade must have been stirring up the boneheads of Hobart to some purpose to receive such a testimonial.

GRAFTON.

February 6th.

The course of true love never did run smoothly neither did the course of the militant propagandist. Abuse and physical violence have ever been the lot of the revolutionary Socialist. Grafton has in its midst a close relation to 'Leading Citizen Buttinsky' of whom I wrote last week. 'Buttinsky's Close Relation' was listening for a few moments to comrade Q. when suddenly he blazed forth in a perfect torrent of virtuous indignation, ostensibly because of some reference made to the fair sex but really because of an attack made on the occupation of his close relation. Rushing through the crowd and displaying a wealth of energy for such a muggy night, the indignant individual sprang on to the Clock Tower plinth and coward like struck Quinton in the mouth. 'Q' kept calm and demonstrated the superiority of intelligence over brute force. The 'Close Relation' spluttered forth a host of threats. The lecturer continued to address the audience. Three policemen nearby looked with sluggish eyes upon the drama. 'Close Relation' working himself into a frenzy of excitement and heat took off his coat and threatened bodily harm. 'Q' continued his discourse whereat 'Close Relation' unable to contain himself any longer pushed 'Q' off the plinth. 'Q' immediately returned and commenced to coolly point out the weakness of the charges levelled against him when 'the something less than a man' who made the charges was unable in fair argument to substantiate them must needs act the bully and resort to violence. The brutish tactics having failed the exponent of British fair-play withdrew to the back of the crowd, mixed with a few of his cronies and flattered himself by skiting of his prowess and bull-dog breed. Another individual at this point came along and asked a number of questions. So full of the spirit of interrogation was he that the speaker had barely commenced to answer one question ere another was fired at him. It was suggested that 'Questioner' take the platform, he declined so we adjourned. From the balcony contiguous to our bedrooms we had an opportunity of listening to the arguments indulged in by the crowd. By this 'Leading Citizen Buttinsky' had arrived and it was amusing to hear him tell the story of his brush with 'Q' a short while before. In the art of developing mountains out of mole-hills he was an adept. The 'Cadets' who went to the coronation, and of whom 'Q' said that they were contaminated by contact with immoral surroundings whilst on the continent, 'L. C. B.' enlarged upon to such an extent that the boys became utter physical and moral wrecks. It is said that listeners never hear any good of themselves and certainly the proverb was borne out on this occasion. We sought our couch almost convinced that we were social pariahs, blood thirsty, bomb throwing anarchists or Old Nick's special envoys on earth working for the damnation and destruction of poor weak humanity. However we slept well without even the suspicion of a dream and nary a thought of 'L. C. B.' or his Close Relation.

On Saturday evening a splendid crowd assembled outside the Market Hotel, 'Q' was chairman and had not spoken at any length before a blue uniformed piece of humanity stepped into the ring and requested the speaker to retire because he was attracting too large a crowd and the traffic was apt to be blocked. 'Q' would not budge but made a few pertinent remarks re allowing the Barmy in the main street. The blue uniform was not impressed with the remarks however and demanded 'Q's' name and address. This was given and the 'B. U.' withdrew, after a few more words the chairman called upon the next speaker. He spoke for a hour and a half without interference to one of the most sympathetic audiences of the tour. The Johns did not interfere, at this meeting we had a record sale of literature which made our worthy secretary Charley Hill, beam with satisfaction.

To-night (Monday) 'Q' and I were presented with a piece of blue paper requesting our attendance on Thursday at Grafton Police Court. We smiled and thanked the policeman for his invitation, at the same time expressing a hope that our visit would be a source of pleasure to all concerned. Circumstances however demand that we procure an adjournment for several days. Whether we shall succeed in gaining it I do not know. If not the case will be heard without my presence as I am called away to Brisbane for a space.

A combination of circumstances including this adjournment business brought me this evening to a certain Hotel in the city at which place a number of City Fathers were foregathered. They were there to congratulate a newly elected mayor. The congratulation took the form with some, of making a speech, others just smiled benignly on the recipient whilst all occasionally stood on their hind legs and allowed various fluids to trickle or course down their throats. I was introduced to the mayor and invited to drink—no to congratulate along with the rest. It appealed to my sense of humor, I listened attentively to the mutual back-scratching and wondered whether they knew that they were harboring in their midst an anti-patriot and a reputed anarchist. I enjoyed it in a measure although it was worth more than a glass of wine to listen to those worthy or unworthy aldermen. Bidding good-bye to the beaming and elated mayor I proceeded up the street. 'Q' was holding forth from the Clock Tower. Presently a pompous person came on the scene accompanied by the local sergeant. 'Q' was ordered off the plinth by 'Pomposity' who turned out to be the Town Clerk. It appears that the Tower being Council property 'Q' was trespassing. We had spoken on several occasions from the plinth of the Tower without being molested. On Saturday last, when we are alleged to have blocked a mythical traffic, we occupied a position just outside the Hotel. Why the Town Clerk did not get busy before is puzzling. Perhaps the mayoral gathering at which 'Pomposity' was present fired his sense of civic duty whereupon he hastened to save the Town from those anarchists. Debarred from the Tower we decided to speak from the balcony of the Hotel. The landlord asked us to forego that pleasure because of the lateness of the hour and the possibility of disturbing the boarders. We were sorry to lose such an opportunity, but we are consoled with the knowledge that the Court case will afford interest, amusement, and possibly revenge.

We have got a new flag for the motor. It has been made by a Grafton young lady. Its color is red and in the centre there stands out most conspicuously a grinning white skull and cross bones. To inquisitive questioners we point out that the skull represents the reward given to patriotic stiffies for obeying their masters' call.

Yours with Carburerter and
Sparking Plug
GEE BEE.

Death of Alfred Wenzel.

We regret to have to record the loss of a good Comrade and fellow worker in the person of Alfred Wenzel, who died on Saturday, 13th. February. Our deceased Comrade was a staunch friend of the paper and a member of the International Socialist Club of Sydney in which he was always a willing worker for Socialism.

Ulsterites and Nationalists in Ireland are still fighting each other with their tongues and pens. Each side claims that it is sending more men to the front than the other side is, and the battle which used to rage round the Home Rule question has now been transferred to the question of which is getting killed off the quickest.

A Sydney firm is getting a big advertisement out of a cute display of cheap patriotism. It is promising to pay its employees who are single and who enlist, £1 a week above their military pay, and married men £2 a week. The "ad." is a very cheap one compared with ordinary newspaper rates. Many of the single men will never come back for the extra pay, and what goes to the married ones can be screwed out of the employees who remain in the firm's employ.

I know and I proclaim that the right to work is sovereign, and I will associate myself in whatever hour that the world of labor wishes to formulate this new society—I will join myself with all my heart and all my mind to any effort necessary to the transformation.—Jean Jaures.

"Never before was it made so plain that mankind does not make history according to his own free-will, but is driven by external social forces more powerful than itself. . . . Human beings are all ignorant of the real world: they are now just learning that the essence of capitalist society is oppression, hate, world competition, enmity, and the rule of force. . . . The true type of an imperialistic war is to be recognised by this: It does not break out on account of a particular object, but arises from the general antagonisms of the States. These antagonisms are rooted in the competition to win world power or to defend it, and this struggle for world-power is nothing else but the struggle of every country to win its capitalistic colonies, contracts, spheres of influence, and favourable opportuni-

ties for investment in Asia and Africa. Every country has for a long time felt itself threatened by others because all of them make hostile preparations against one another. Hence every one of them believes itself attacked by the others. . . . All Germans believe with granite firmness that they are only waging a war of defence against an impudent assault of Russia; in France and England the talk is about Germany's insatiable greed for dominion which would conquer Europe. At the same time every country believes it is protecting culture or some other holy object against foreign barbarians, though in reality they all stick equally deep in capitalist barbarism, which ruthlessly sacrifices wealth and human life for world-power and capitalist interests."—Anton Pannekoek, in Dec. "International Socialist Review."

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ABOU SUB HUSTLER.

Abou Sub Hustler (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room
An Editor writing—visage steeped in gloom;
Bent was his back, careworn his look, and old.
Exceeding peace had made Sub Hustler bold,
And to the vision in the room he said:
"What writest thou?"—the scribe just raised his head
For one brief second; then he spake out thus:—
"The names of those who hustle subs for us."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,
Though your name WAS on this list long ago."
"Just watch my smoke" said Abou, so next day
He tackled every one who passed his way;
As he entered once again his household door
His list had reached the century mark—and more.
Next day the Ed. arose and called him blest—
Abou Sub Hustler's name led all the rest.

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